

HIDE AND SEEK

2014

(ONE HUNDRED & SEVENTEENTH YEAR)

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION

COMPILED BY

KENNETH THORNTON

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COUPON

2014

RULES

1. The answers, with full references and with the coupon attached, must be sent in by **1st November 2014**. The envelope should be addressed to:
Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned, with the answer sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.

JANUARY

I

'This music crept by me upon the waters'
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.

II

We turned from Regent Street to Conduit Street.
He thought my overcoat was far from neat,
offered his tailor's name and then forgot.
His mind was in a turmoil and overshot
immediate objects in transcendent aims.

III

Who would of Watling Street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?

IV

Business on Sir John's part, and a violent cold on her own,
prevented their calling in Berkeley-street.

V

She stepped from the top of an Oxford Street store;
She might well have waited a split second more
For she fell like a bomb on an elderly curate
And his life was over before he could insure it.

VI

Some from Cheapside and St. Mary-le-Bow,
From Bishopsgate Street, Downgate Hill, and Budge Row.
They come and they go,
Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,

FEBRUARY

I

Saint *Will o' th' Wisp* (of no great bignes)
But *alias* call'd here *Fatuus ignis*.

II

"Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp:
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
With a flavour of Will-o'-the-Wisp."

III

"I shall come home when I please, and go when I please.
I'll be a Will o' the Wisp, now here, now there, dancing about you
always, starting up when you least expect me, and keeping
you in a constant state of restlessness and irritation."

IV

where not a will-o'-the-wisp but
a star come to earth burned before the
closed all-seeing eyes
of that figure later seen as the Muse.

V

Oh, and he hovers,
Oh, and he flies,
Will-o'-the-Wisp,
With the baleful eyes,

VI

Alas! ere I'm properly frantic
With some such poor figment as this,
Some visions, not quite so romantic,
Start up to demolish the bliss;
Some Will o' the Wisp in a bonnet
Still leads my lost wit quite astray,
Till up to my ears in a sonnet
I sink upon Valentine's Day.

MARCH

I

Aunt Dot was a clever, impetuous driver, taking the sharpest bends with the greatest intrepidity. A brilliant and unorthodox improviser, she usually managed to work her way out of the jams she not infrequently got us into.

II

Eliza scorned her good Aunt Clare.
Where is Eliza now? Ah, where?

III

So, one cold grey morning in March
she boarded the Channel steamer at Dover
went straight to her cabin
climbed into the bath
and urged on by a few well-wishers,
Aunt Ermintrude, completely nude
swam all the way to France.

IV

Thirty years unremembered,
Monkey-faced black-bead-silken
Great-aunt I sat across from,
Gaping and apprehensive,
The thought of you suddenly fits.
Across great distances
Clement time brings in its
Amnesties, Aunt Em.

V

"I am greatly distressed, Aunt Augusta, about there
being no cucumbers, not even for ready money."

VI

'Mamma' said Amanda 'I want to know what
Our relatives mean when they say
That Aunt Jane is a Gorgon who ought to be shot,
Or at any rate taken away,'

APRIL

I

And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it
you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in
his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his
composition.

II

I bear a burden that might well try
Men that do all by rule,
And what can I
That am a wandering-witted fool
But pray to God that He ease
My great responsibilities?

III

'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

IV

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

V

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

VI

But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands ! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters ! what a chorus !

MAY

I

At noon the thunder rambled from his mind —
He felt the sun beneath the Olney rain.

II

The bad grammar, the spelling, the invented words,
And the poetry bursting like a diamond bomb.
I thought of the last days, the old man
Sitting alone in the porch of All Saints' in Northampton,
And the dead poet trundling home to Helpston

III

So Alexander lived to slander
What else he tenderly had sung,
And she confessed among the rest
The Asp of Twickenham's forked tongue.

IV

I arrived, and was well received. The country about
Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the
sea-shore.

V

He made his way toward Hampstead so alert
He hardly passed the small grey ponds below
Or watched a sparrow pecking in the dirt
Without some insight swelling the mind's flow
That banks made swift. Everything put to use.

VI

At Dove Cottage
dark rooms bloom with coal fires; the backstairs
escape hatch into a precipitous small orchard
still opens; bedded cowslips, primroses,
fritillaries' checkered, upside-down
brown tulips still flourish where
the great man fled the neighbors :

JUNE

I

That's his way of walking. He makes
a row of upside-down U's
along the rib of a leaf. He is as green
as it.

II

Sitting in the cup of the V
Was a tiny blob of new whiteness.
A first egg? Already? Then very carefully
She dabbed at the blob, and worked more woolly fibres
Into the V, to either side of it,
Diminishing it as she dabbed.

III

The King sent for his wise men all
To find a rhyme for W;
When they had thought a good long time
But could not think of a single rhyme,
'I'm sorry,' said he, 'to trouble you.'

IV

Annotators agree Composer X
Though always in love never had sex,

V

But since we've come to Y, the world's shortest thing
Let us make short work of necessity and accept the thing
As if coming to There we had got There.

VI

So I struck letter Z I
Proud, I then read
The poem in my head.
But 'Alas!' the Voice said:
'Your poem is a flower
Whose petals will scatter
On the breeze in an hour,

JULY

I

You built cathedrals in my heart,
And lit my pinnacled desire.
You were the ardour and the bright
Procession of my thoughts toward prayer.
You were the wrath of storm, the light
On distant citadels aflame.

II

Many a mortal of these days,
Dares to pass our sacred ways,
Dares to touch audaciously
This Cathedral of the Sea!

III

Out of the way-up nickel-dime tower shine,
Cathedral Mary,
shine ! —

IV

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

V

I find I never weary of great churches. It is my favourite
kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily
inspired as when it made a cathedral : a thing as single and
specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination,
as lively and interesting as a forest in detail.

VI

Shadowy aisles of pillared trees
Now my errant fancy please,
Dim cathedral walks like these ;
Nave by numerous transepts crost,
Each in his own long darkness lost,
Cloister and chancel, thick embossed
Their roofs with pendant foliage, thro'
Whose fretted branchwork richly pours
The sun, in golden order due,
His bright mosaic on the floors.

AUGUST

I

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon :
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the self-same tune.

II

But when I saw it was an old man bent,
At the same moment came into my mind
The games at which boys bend thus, *High-cockolorum*,
Or *Fly-the-garter*, and *Leap-frog*.

III

True that the tip-cat you toss about may
Strike an old gentleman, cause him to sway,
Stumble, and p'raps be run o'er by a dray:
Still why delay ? Play, my son, play !

IV

I chasd the stag or playd at fox and hounds
Or wanderd down the lane with many a mate
To play at swee swaw on the pasture gate

V

Games in the moon. Games of pursuit and capture. Games
that the night demanded. Best of all, Fox and Hounds — go where
you like, and the whole of the valley to hunt through. Two chosen
boys loped away through the trees and were immediately
swallowed in shadow. We gave them five minutes, then set
off after them.

VI

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
Cut the ringed stem and made the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral string
That looped the orbits of the humming top.

SEPTEMBER

I

"If it would last"
I asked the East,
When that Bent Stripe
Struck up my childish
Firmament —
And I, for glee,
Took Rainbows, as the common way,

II

By every tide
The white strand
Is strewn with treasure,
Shells without number
Brighter than rainbow
Formed in pools
Deeper than dreams
In purple water
That teems with creation,

III

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

IV

Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours every day:
And then, as though shee could not make inow,
Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.

V

from the pool of bilge
where oil had spread a rainbow
around the rusted engine
to the boiler rusted orange,
the sun-cracked thwarts,
the oarlocks on their strings,
the gunnels — until everything
was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow !

VI

Know, all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain —
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again ;

OCTOBER

I

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me;
So I must toil, and sweat, and moil, and labour to sustain me;
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for fortune fairly.

II

Turning around like a falled-over sack
I can see team ploughin' in Withy-bush field and meal carts startin'
up road to Church-Town;

III

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now;
And near and far across the bar
The ploughman whistles at the plough;
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

IV

Light a fire in the morning, mother:
The morning fog is weeping,
And I must go to plough with brother,
Although I would sooner be sleeping:
So let me warm my clay-cold hand
And see the living flame,
Before I go out on the land
To lead the heavy team.

V

The cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood;

VI

Back, elbow, and liquid waist
In him, all quail to the wallowing o' the plough:

NOVEMBER

I

The olive, in the western world, followed the progress of peace, of which it was considered as the symbol. Two centuries after the foundation of Rome, both Italy and Africa were strangers to that useful plant;

II

Strained by the gale the olives whiten
Like hoary wrestlers bent with toil
And, with the vines, their branches lighten
To brim our vats where summer lingers
In the red froth and sun-gold oil.

III

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

IV

Where olives break like water
foaming grey and white
around Apollo's temple,
pillars tremble,
pavement stones ignite,
and marble walls unfold
a rose of sudden gold.

V

The sun moves now and rolls down towards the olive trees
Ladder-rungs of shadow link the rows.

VI

"We" did this, "we" did that. They'll say that all
their lives, she thought, and an exquisite scent of olives
and oil and juice rose from the great brown dish as
Marthe, with a little flourish, took the cover off.

DECEMBER

I

He is you, and yours. Desiring for him tomorrow's
Feast — the crackers, the Tree, the piled
Presents — you lose your self in his yearning, and borrow
His eyes to behold
Your own young world again. Love's mystery is revealed
When the father becomes the child.

II

I've planned what I'll give everyone and what they'll give to me,
And then on Christmas morning all
The presents seem to be

Useless and tarnished.

III

Here was the robin, very round and bright,
Painted by one of us with fingers small,
And childish presents, bought with grave delight,
For many an ancient Christmas festival

IV

Then there are aunts. They are always a difficult class
to deal with in the matter of presents. The trouble is that one never
catches them really young enough. By the time one has educated them
to an appreciation of the fact that one does not wear red woollen
mittens in the West End, they die, or quarrel with the family, or
do something equally inconsiderate.

V

Some ways indeed are very odd
By which we hail the birth of God.
We raise the price of things in shops,
We give plain boxes fancy tops
And lines which traders cannot sell
Thus parcel'd go extremely well.
We dole out bribes we call a present
To those to whom we must be pleasant

VI

After they cum back,
It sounded grand, what they'd seen:
Camels, and kings, and such,
Wi' presents — human sort,
Not the kind you eat —
And a baby. Presents wæs for him.
Our lads took him a lamb.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2013

JANUARY 'RUTHS'

- i. John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale", VII, ll. 65-67
- ii. Elizabeth Gaskell, "Ruth", Chapter 1
- iii. Ruth Pitter, "The Frog in the Well", Sta. 7, ll. 77-82
- iv. Lewis Carroll, "Two Acrostics, 1. To Miss Ruth Dymes", ll. 1-4
- v. John Milton, Sonnet IX, ll. 5-8
- vi. John Masefield, "The Everlasting Mercy" ll. 1279 - 1285

FEBRUARY 'BACHELORS'

- i. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Merlin" ll. 30-36
- ii. Arnold Bennett, "Journals", January 6th, 1913 (re. Henry James)
- iii. Rudyard Kipling, "The Married Man", Sta. 5, ll. 33-36
- iv. A. Conan Doyle, "The Return of Sherlock Holmes : The Adventure of the Norwood Builder"
- v. W.S.Gilbert, "The Precocious Baby", Sta. 12, ll. 78-83
- vi. John Aubrey, "Brief Lives : The Honourable Robert Boyle".

MARCH 'MONKS'

- i. William Blake, "Jerusalem : I saw a Monk of Charlemaigne", Sta. 4, ll. 13-16
- ii. Laurence Sterne, "A Sentimental Journey : The Snuff-Box. Calais"
- iii. R.H. Barham, "The Jackdaw of Rheims" ll. 2-6
- iv. R.L. Stevenson, "Travels with a Donkey : The Monks".
- v. William Wordsworth, "Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837 XIV, "The Cuckoo at Laverna"
ll. 29-35
- vi. Patricia Beer, "Abbey Tomb", Sta.2, ll. 9-16

APRIL 'ITALIAN PHRASES'

- i. W.H. Auden, "Good-Bye to the Mezzogiorno", ll. 3b - 7a
- ii. E.M. Forster, "Where Angels Fear to Tread", Chapter 3
- iii. Anthony Hecht, "The Venetian Vespers" VI, ll. 29-35
- iv. Arthur Hugh Clough, "Amours de Voyage", Canto II, V Claude to Eustace, ll. 100-104
- v. E.B. Browning, "Aurora Leigh", First Book, ll. 387-390
- vi. Douglas Dunn "Bagni di Lucca. Elizabeth Barrett Browning", ll.98-104

MAY 'DRAGONS'

- i. U.A. Fanthorpe, "Not My Best Side", ll. 20-25
- ii. J.R.R. Tolkien, "The Hobbit", Chapter XII, "Inside Information"
- iii. Robert Graves, "The Cuirassiers of the Frontier", Sta. 4, ll. 25,26
- iv. Richard Sheridan, "The Rivals", Act IV, Scene II, ll. 125-127
- v. Charles Causley, "St. Martha & the Dragon", XIV, ll.29-32
- vi. Stephen Spender, "Napoleon in 1814", ll. 36-40

JUNE 'QUESTIONS'

- i. Edwin Muir, "The Wheel", ll. 12-16
- ii. Harold Munro, "Rumour", ll. 2-4
- iii. R.S. Thomas, "Questions", ll. 12-16
- iv. Richard Wilbur, "On Freedom's Ground III. Like a Great Statue", ll. 5-11
- v. Edmund Blunden, "The Memorial, 1914-1918", ll. 8-12
- vi. Walter de la Mare, "Vain Questioning", Sta. 3, ll. 13-16

JULY 'COWS'

- i. Charles Dickens, "Dombey and Son", Chapter 21
- ii. Stella Gibbons, "Cold Comfort Farm", Chapter 3
- iii. Patrick Kavanagh, "A Christmas Childhood", [11], ll. 25-28
- iv. Selima Hill, "Cow", ll. 8-12
- v. Sylvia Plath, "Watercolor of Grantchester Meadows", Sta. 3, ll.15-18
- vi. Edith Sitwell, "Jodelling Song", Sta. 3, ll.9-12

AUGUST 'COFFEE'

- i. Ivy Compton-Burnett, "A Family and a Fortune", Chapter One
- ii. T.S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", ll.49-51
- iii. Elizabeth Bishop, "A Miracle for Breakfast", Sta.2, ll. 8-11
- iv. Charles & Mary Lamb, "The Coffee Slips", ll. 5-10
- v. Lord Byron, "Beppo", XCI, ll. 1-3
- vi. Elizabeth Daryush, "Still-Life", ll. 4-7

MARKS LIST 2013

SEPTEMBER 'DAYS OF THE WEEK'

- i. Ogden Nash, "Time Marches On", ll. 3-10
- ii. William Shakespeare, "First Part of King Henry IV, Act 1, Scene ii, ll. 23,24
- iii. W.S. Graham, "Clusters Travelling Out", 6, ll. 11-14
- iv. Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Thursday", ll. 1-4
- v. William Carlos Williams, "Simplex Sigillum Veri", Sta. 6., ll. 21-24
- vi. John Fuller, "London Songs. 3. Fruit Machine", ll. 11-14

OCTOBER 'YEWS'

- i. Edward Lear, Nonsense Alphabet beginning "A was once an Apple-pie" - Y
- ii. George Meredith, "Love in the Valley", Sta. 7, ll. 49-52
- iii. Louis MacNeice, "Tree Party", Sta. 13, ll. 37-39
- iv. Matthew Arnold, "The Scholar - Gipsy", Sta. 14, ll. 136-140
- v. Austin Clarke, "The Trees of the Forest", Sta. 5, ll. 17-20
- vi. Jonathan Swift, "Baucis and Philemon", ll. 163, 164

NOVEMBER 'ACTION WORDS'

- i. Christina Rossetti, "Goblin Market", ll. 331-336
- ii. Adrian Henri, "Mrs Albion You've Got a Lovely Daughter", ll. 28-31
- iii. Robert Southey, "The Cataract of Lodore", ll. 67-70
- iv. Robert Browning, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", XII, ll. 197-200
- v. Carl Sandburg, "Chicago", ll. 12-17
- vi. Thomas Hood, "Skipping. A Mystery", Sta. 9, ll. 57-63

DECEMBER 'STARS'

- i. Norman MacCaig, "Still two", Sta. 1, ll. 1-4
- ii. Seamus Heaney, "Sloe Gin", Sta. 3, ll. 9-12
- iii. Ivor Gurney, "Fragment", ll. 1-3
- iv. Robert Frost, "How Hard it is to Keep From Being King When Its in You and in the Situation", ll. 12-18
- v. Hilda Doolittle (H.D.), "The Walls Do Not Fall", 40, ll. 3-7
- vi. D. H. Lawrence, "The Wandering Cosmos", ll. 10,11

FIRST PRIZE

Alan Hollinghurst 710

SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. A.E. Sheehan-Hunt 700

THIRD PRIZE

Judith Neal and Adam Potheary 635

Anne Polhill 625

Steve Osborn 620

June Walker 590

Hilary Adams and Beryl Cawood 585

W. A. Kyle 545

Mrs. P. Pearce 510

Ms. Florence Yarwood 350

Meryl Foster 295

Tom Durham 265

Olga Easy..... 195

Gillian Carter 100

NOTES

"What is the extraordinary pleasure that we derive from this pastime? Why do we forget everything for it, feel by it transported, enlarged, enslaved, freed, imprisoned, enlivened, soothed, drugged, delighted, distressed, entertained, sharpened in wits, ennobled in soul, winged in imagination, gratified in humour, stirred to pity, rage, love, rapture, enthusiasm, creation, zeal for learning, infinite zest and curiosity for life? I don't know, nor anyone."

That's from an essay on 'Reading' by Rose Macaulay – but it could have been written about us and our addiction to Hide and Seek, could it not?! Many thanks for all of the thought and time and effort which you gave to H & S in 2013, and for all of your letters, with their words of appreciation and encouragement, their cries of frustration and their amusing asides.

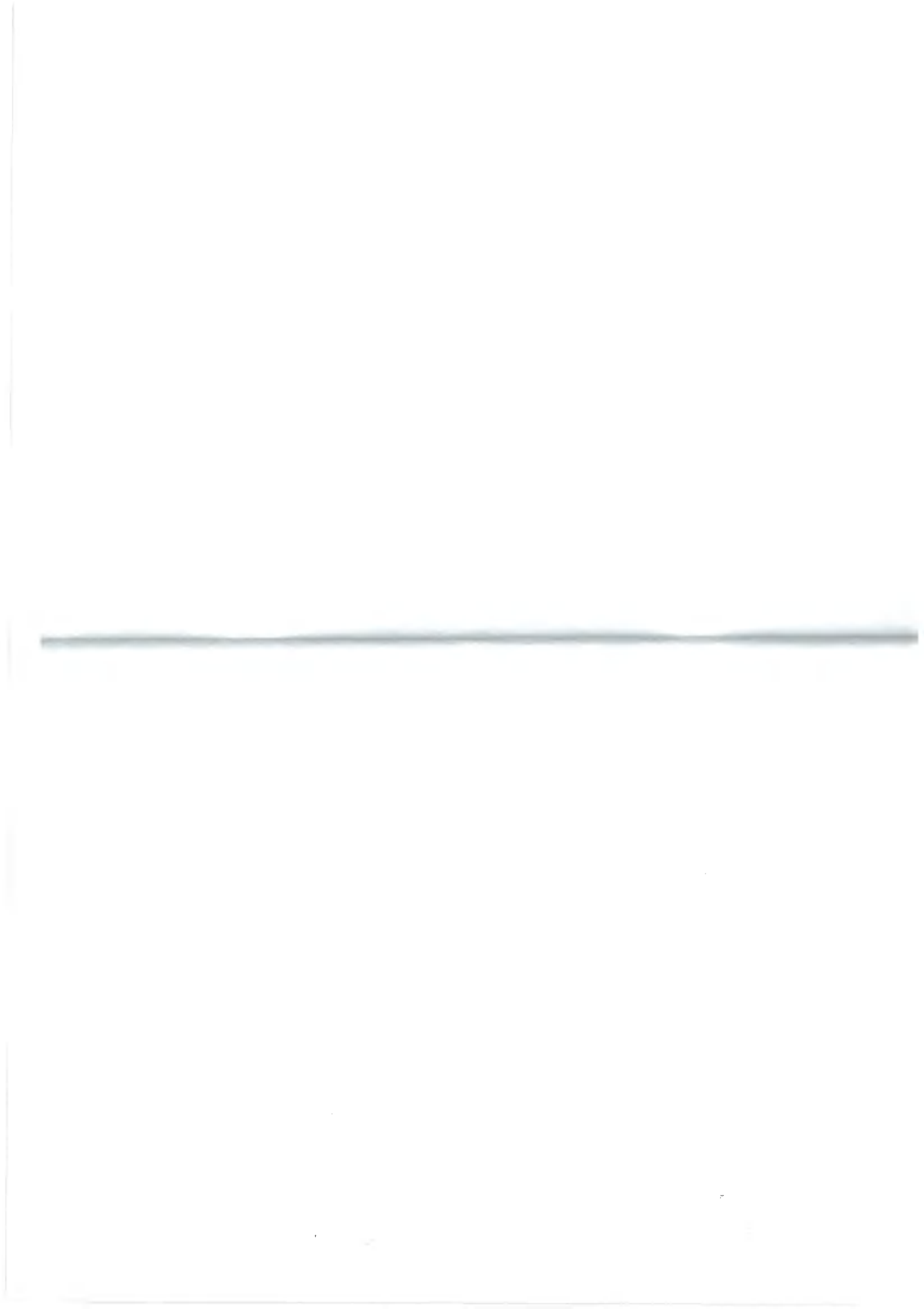
How did you get on? Most of you proved yourselves to be very knowledgeable about Cows and Dragons, Bachelors and Monks. But many were less sure when it came to Questions and Stars; those proved to be the months with which you had the most difficulty. I smiled when one of you, having struggled with the Questions but having found de la Mare's 'Vain Questioning' put after it an obviously heartfelt 'INDEED'! The two individual quotations which eluded almost all of you were the Douglas Dunn at April VI (though many realised that it referred to E.B.B.) and the Stephen Spender at May VI. I must confess to feeling a sort of wicked pleasure in realising that I had tricked some of you into spending hours wading through Byron's 'Don Juan', when you should have been looking at his 'Beppo'! I was very pleased to see that many of you found the Ivy Compton-Burnett quotation. She's a favourite of mine, though she doesn't appeal to many. The poem by Blake seems to appear in different forms and with different titles. I accepted whatever answer you gave, as long as it was evident that you had indeed found the passage quoted. In fact, you'll have realised that I am a fairly indulgent marker, especially when it comes to your efforts at counting lines! After all, the competition is meant to be friendly and pleasurable, not deadly serious!

It was a happy surprise to hear the R.S. Thomas poem at June III being read on Radio 4's 'Poetry Please' one Sunday recently, thanks to a request from one of our Seekers. Those of you who didn't listen to the programme and didn't find the quotation can start kicking yourselves now! It's good to know that H & S can exert a positive influence on such a fine institution as 'Poetry Please'.

There's one bit of unfinished business which needs to be dealt with. You remember that one 2012 quotation had to be described as 'Unidentified' (May V). I eventually received the answer sheet for that year from a friend of Ruth Aspinall. The quotation was from Dame Edith Sitwell's 'Troy Park, Clown's Luck', Sta.2, ll.1-4.

Although a good number of new Seekers were introduced to H & S in 2013, (some of whom will stick with us, I hope), only two extra entries were sent in. So we still need to be working at attracting new Seekers if the competition is to survive. Any suggestions which you have about how we could grow the H & S family would be gratefully received. There must be people out there who love literature and don't want to spend all their working hours staring at screens and tweeting or twittering their lives away! When I volunteered to do this job, I had in mind the possibility of keeping H & S going for five years at least, until its 120th issue – I promise to fulfil that commitment, 'if I'm spared' (as my grandmother would have said) and as long as there isn't before then, an insurrection of Seekers crying out "Off with his head"!

My congratulations to this year's prize winners! But however you fared with H & S 2013, I note that you all seem eager to receive and get stuck into the next year's competition. So here it is – I hope that the themes and quotations will interest and challenge you. My best wishes to all of you for 2014. Let the seeking commence!





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21.03.14

Dear T.B.,

What an idiot I am! When I wrote the note yesterday to send with your copy of H+S 2014 my brain must have been full of the 'Scotch Mist' as pictured on this p.c. You will be thinking that I am either mathematically illiterate or else in the first stages of dementia! I said that you would need to find 3 quotations a day — what a prodigiously large edition of H+S that would be! What I ought to have said, of course, was that you will need to find one quotation every three days, an altogether less daunting

prospect. Sorry about the mistake. I shall leave you in peace now to get on with the exciting business of searching!

All the best,

Yours,

Kenneth

138, Raeberry Street, Glasgow, G20 6EA.

20.03.14.

Dear T. B.,

I heartily endorse the philosophy: "Better late than never"! But I would remind you that there are about 226 days before I need to receive entries — hence it's only a matter of finding about 3 quotations a day if you want to be in with a chance of winning first prize! Ample time, some would say!!

Anyway, many thanks for your note. I enclose the copy of H+S. 2014, and hope that you will find the items and quotations interesting. I have tried to include a fair mixture of some easy ones, some hard ones, but mostly middle-of-the-road ones (but, of course, what I consider easy, hard and middle-of-the-road may not be your idea of easy, hard and middle-of-the-road!).

It's good to have you still with us. If you can interest anyone else in H+S, I would be very grateful — in these internet days, it's not easy to keep it going. Thanks too for the extra donation; that's a real help.

All best wishes.

Yours,
Kenneth



Claude Monet
French, 1840-1926
A Bowl of Apples, 1880

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www.togetheragainstcancer.org.uk.

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